

## **Safe and Sound** by PlusSizeReader

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**Summary:**

Billy Hargrove x Plus size!reader

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Summary: Reader gets drunk at a party and the keg king takes care of her

## **Safe and Sound**

Parties had never been your scene of choice. You just didn't see the point of getting wasted and making a fool of yourself only to wake up in pain the next morning. It never sounded like something you wanted or needed to do.

You couldn't tell that to your best friend Steve though. Steve Harrington was royalty as far as anyone in your little town was concerned and that meant something to them. All it really meant for you was that you had to do a whole lot of things that you hated just for his enjoyment.

Sure, he watched the ghostbusters and heathers with you during the weekend and drove you to whatever record store you found but that wasn't the point. Partying was his pastime of choice and being his best friend meant that you had to accompany him.

"You're sure you want to come? I would never drag you to something you wouldn't enjoy" Steve grinned, reiterating his earlier point. He knew that the last place you wanted to be was some house party but it was too much fun to mess with you.

He knew you well enough to know that the last thing you wanted was for him to get lost or hurt without anyone to watch over him, he knew you would go for his well-being alone. "Oh yeah, it'll be a great time" you lied, your voice monotone and bored as you focused on the road in front of you. You were the designated driver, you were always the designated driver.

You stopped to pick up Nancy Wheeler on the way, she was Steve's new arm candy for the foreseeable future. That meant that until you made it to who-knows-who's house, you'd have to listen to them making out in the backseat. But that's what they say, always the bridesmaid, never the bride.

It wasn't like you were jealous, you didn't even want a boyfriend and the idea that you wanted Steve was ludicrous. He was your best friend, your night rider, the Scooby to your Shaggy. That didn't mean you wanted to listen to the nauseating sound of him smacking lips

with Nancy all night long.

For that reason alone, the second you were out of the car, you went off to get a drink. You did not typically get drunk, and you did not want to, but the more you drank, the more you didn't care.

Before long, your speech was slurred and your movements were slow, so much for being the DD. Steve was no where to be found, and it wasn't exactly like you knew anyone else at the party. Still, you made the best of it.

The raging sound of cheering from the backyard stopped you, instantly drawing you toward it. There was something so alluring about the joy of others, you didn't want to miss out. When you finally found where they were, a keg stand came into view.

You couldn't see it very well due to the distance and copious amount of alcohol in your system but you knew what it was. The boy who was currently upside-down was Billy Hargrove, a new kid from California.

He was acceptably good looking but a real pain in the neck, always carrying on about something or driving his car way too fast in a residential area. You didn't like boys like him, loud and opinionated, mean for the sake of being mean but in your haze, you couldn't even think past his abs.

Unannounced to you, Billy had already had his eye on you since you pulled up with Harrington. There had to be something special about you that the king carted you around like those little purse dogs girls had in Cali. Drunk girls were no surprise to him, drunk girls were basically the only kind of girl at these parties but there was something about you being drunk that made him uneasy.

He felt like you could fall or hurt yourself at any time and he didn't want that. It didn't help that everyone surrounding you was just as drunk, shoving you around as they danced...only focused on themselves.

"Yeah, yeah just give me a minute!" he shrugged, ignoring the various cheering and congratulations coming at him from every

angle. You were still just sitting there with your eyes on him as he approach you, but that didn't in any way lessen how much he wanted to keep you out of harms way. It was strange, he'd never cared about anyone else so much, normally it was all him all the time in his mind.

"Where's Harrington?" he asked, his voice slightly booming as he neared you, stopping just in front of you. You stared up at him for a second, blinking your glazed eyes a few times before speaking "How should I know-D-do I look like his keeper?" you slurred, wobbling back and forth in your seat a little bit, your body swaying effortlessly. It took all that he had not to crack a smile as he regarded you, were you serious?

As it would turn out, you were quite the talker when under the influence, so it wasn't long before you were running your mouth, happily chattering to an idle Billy. It was in this moment that he realized just how screwed he was, no broad had ever gotten him so interested without trying really hard before you. They were always on their best behavior, twirling their hair on the end of their finger, smiling with bright, white teeth. You didn't seem to care even a little bit about his opinion of you, and that only made it higher.

The daylight burned away quicker than it should have, fading totally into darkness before he even realized what was happening. There was still no sign of Steve and people were starting to leave, but there was no way Billy was going to let you drive yourself home in your condition. "Um, Y/N...did you drive here?" he questioned, shifting his gaze down just a bit to catch your eyes from where your head was resting on his shoulder.

You nodded before dropping your attention to where you were playing with his ring, twisting and twirling it on his finger without a care in the world. In any other situation, Billy would have tracked down your friend and sent you home with him but he didn't want to. He felt responsible for making sure you got home safe and he would never forgive himself if something happened to you after he gave you up. "Okay, come on gorgeous" he cooed, heaving you up from your seating position, careful to brace your back to keep you from falling.

Once you found your footing, he lead you back to his car and helped you in. He'd stopped drinking hours ago when he started talking to

you, and now he was sober enough to drive. He had no idea where you lived and it was doubtful that you were in any position to tell him but luckily, you didn't have a password on your phone.

After a small amount of deliberation, he decided to call your mom and let her know what was going on. She wasn't exactly comfortable with it at first, but it told her a lot about him that he'd call and make sure you were safe instead of doing something much worse. Anyone else would have just left you at the party, but he was putting in the effort.

You kept playing with all of the buttons on his dash and twisting the volume dial, basically making him go deaf with the sounds of Metallic and Poison through the speakers. Before long though, you were crashed out, curled up in his leather seat as peacefully as you could have been. Even Billy had to admit that you were adorable, as much trouble as you were.

"Hello?" you mother wasn't surprised when the doorbell rang, but she was surprised at the boy on her doorstep. Billy had you in his arms, still sleeping soundly against his chest. It was quite the sight, but he didn't seem bothered by the added weight at his front. "I'm Billy, sorry I'm a little late" he shrugged, following her lead into your home. She was still speechless but she didn't argue when he asked where your room was and took you off in that direction.

Finally, you were resting in your bed, your head nestled in your pillows. He carefully removed your makeup, to keep down the smudging and covered you in the mountain of blankets on your bed. Billy was perfectly aware of your mother's presence outside the door but he didn't care, he had no other intentions other than making sure you were as comfortable and safe as you could be. "Goodnight Gorgeous" he hummed, pressing a gentle kiss to your forehead before heading out, careful to keep his boot steps as quiet as he could.

You woke up the next morning with a splitting headache and a nauseous feeling in the pit of your stomach but all that was overshadowed by the water and aspirin on your bedside table. "Morning" your mother greeted, a smirk on her face though you didn't know why. "Thanks for that" your voice was slight but still awake enough "I didn't do that, that sweet boy Billy did" she

grinned, heading off toward the front door, probably going to work. You didn't know what she was talking about, until you opened your phone and found his name and number saved there.